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The Band Swung Hard



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Chapter 1 by Tukker

New York City, 1938

The band swung hard. So damn hard. The joint was jump'n and if I wasn't here to do a job I might have bought one of the dames here a drink. Hell I might come back after the job and buy someone a drink.

"Two bits bub," the barkeep blurted. I checked my pocket watch, a gift from an old friend. Ten Fifteen. I slammed the money on the bar and tossed back my scotch. First my throat caught fire, then my stomach then my confidence. I picked up my fedora and sat it on my head. I make this look good. I flicked the bartender another two bits which he caught. He nodded but I wouldn't say he looked overly impressed. With that I started making my way through the crowd towards Andreas Ludin. I walked through clouds of perfume, cologne, smoke, booze and chatter, glasses clinking and that damn band given it all they had. Ludin was surrounded by girls who were laughing and throwing their hair back. Gals liked money and accents. I had neither.

"Andreas Ludin?"

His sour looking face looked up at me, he made eye contact but said nothing. He gently pushed a pretty girl in a white dress off his lap. Now she looked mad too.

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"Andreas Ludin!" I repeated

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bub.

"Yes Mr. Quinn, I believe you have found me." Andreas said with his crisp German accent. How the Sam Hill did he know my name? He knew I was looking for him? I stood there with my mouth agape. Ludin allowed himself a sly grin.

"Mr. Ludin you need to come with me." Come on mac let's not do this the hard way.

Ludin stood up. He was an impressive man. Probably in his mid to late thirties. Damn he was tall. Taller than me and I stand six foot two. He was probably a good six four or five. That goddamn grin on his face didn't go away.

"I don't think you.." I started to say. I'd let my guard down and Ludin had spun around faster than a big man should be able to and caught me with a ferocious roundhouse kick to the head. I'm pretty sure that damn band was hitting beats on Ludin's beats because I heard a huge smash followed rapid snare beats and cymbal crashes as soon as that Italian leather shoe caught me in the cheek. The room spun and I stumbled back and tried to stabilize myself on a table but I crashed to the floor destroying the table in the process.

On the floor I could hear screaming and see feet running and bodies dropping. The room was still a blur as I lifted my head off the floor. It was then that I noticed that it wasn't the band I was hearing anymore it was a barrage of bullets ripping through the joint. I looked to my left and saw Ludin laying beside me his eyes wide open, blood pooling from the bullet hole in his forehead.

Chapter 2 by Tessalini8



After a minute, I lifted my head slightly just to see what the Sam Hill was going on. The whole joint was a bloody mess, armed men, dead bodies, bloody instruments, and the popping of 'em bullets. Dang, what a massacre! Don't get me wrong, I was terrified as heck.

Suddenly the popping stopped. All was quiet. "Check 'em all Oscar" A deep raspy voice said. It had some accent that sounds off and it came from the stage. "Sure thing, let's hope nobody got a beatin' heart" That must be Oscar and he sound close.

Well, I'm not one for worrying but if I don't act dead soon I surely won't have a beatin' heart.

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Chapter 2 by Cherie L...

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I dared not even take a breath. I stood there, my heart racing, but eventually I heard them leave through the back. I stood up and leaned on the bar, looking over the carnage. To my

right i saw movement. Was someone else still alive? Oh of course, that fool Quinn who confronted Andreas just as he was about to give me that name!

"Mr. Quinn?" I hissed, pulling at my dress. I knelt beside him.

He sat up rather slow, and groaned. He was hit in the shoulder.

"I better get you out of here..." i said, more to myself. "Im Ruby."

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